

STAR TELEGRAM

M. 105,697

S. 212,502

JAN 22 1966

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NO INVITATIONS SENT THAT WE KNOW OF

Sh-h-h---CIA to Note 20th Birthday

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The London Observer

WASHINGTON—The Central Intelligence Agency will soon be 20 years old. Although it lacks the snob appeal of the British Secret Service and the cachet of the French Deuxieme Bureau, and the air of interesting horror that surrounds Russian intelligence, and even though it has never produced a James Bond, it is nonetheless one of the great organs of American government.

CIA was created by an executive order of President Harry S. Truman in January, 1946. It was intended to be a special weapon of the President and the National Security Council, and would supply the sort of information necessary in the cold war that was then hotting up.

But it is now a vast organization, a rival of the State Department and the Pentagon. It is free from all but the most cursory surveillance by Congress, and its budget is safely buried in the files of the Defense Department. It has a gigantic building in the Mussolini style outside Washington which bears no title and no signpost to direct you there. It is true, however, that carved on it are the words, "The truth shall make ye free."

IT IS, OF COURSE, one of the supreme examples of Parkinson's Law in action. It has grown of itself. It has extended

its responsibilities from its original austere and limited concept of an information gathering organization. It now does research and analysis on a vast scale. It monitors broadcasts and publications in 60 languages and deals with 6 million words a day.

It has spies abroad—and who does not? But this is dismissed as a mere 20 per cent of its operation. It is responsible for counter-espionage overseas. And it conducts at times what seems to be private political warfare in favor of the status quo.

If all this is not quite fair, it is inevitable. The CIA is at once secretive and blindingly in the public eye. Its clever young men in Ivy League suits attend all the best parties in Washington, and are immediately identifiable because they hesitate to say precisely for whom they work.

An extraordinary number of operations have been laid at the door of CIA. There was the overthrow of the lachrymose Iranian premier, Moussadek, in 1953. There was the overthrow of the left-wing dictatorship in Guatemala in 1954. There was the Bay of Pigs disaster in Cuba in 1961, in which the CIA planned the invasion by Cuban refugees and trained the troops, and lost disastrously—perhaps because President Kennedy was not as ruthless as they. There was the decision to invade the Dominican Republic in 1965.

MORE THAN THAT, there have been rumors of operations in Singapore, Iraq and Egypt and Indonesia. And then there was the tunnel that ran under Berlin to tap the wires of the Soviet military headquarters. (That one really happened.) And there were the U2 flights over Soviet territory which destroyed the summit meeting between Eisenhower and Khrushchev.

In addition they are said to have offered \$2 million to two Syrians who were asked to deliver a Soviet patrol vessel. The Syrians were hanged. They are said to have rigged elections in Laos, to have made General Mobutu all-powerful in the Congo, and to have organized the white mercenaries there. (This last is certainly untrue.)

But there is the weird fact that they act almost as a state within a state. Despite presidential directives, CIA operatives are virtually independent within U.S. embassies overseas. They finance research institutes in U.S. universities and overseas. This information is invaluable and has done as much as anything to stop the process of nuclear blackmail in foreign affairs. They supply the President, each day, with a brief and neatly bound digest of what they think he should know.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT

refers to them as "spooks." The Pentagon has set up what is almost a rival firm in the Defense Intelligence Agency, which itself employs more than 5,000 people. The FBI still conducts extensive intelligence operations in South America.

The most famous head of the agency was Allen Dulles, brother of John Foster Dulles, the secretary of state under Eisenhower. He liked and courted publicity. He tended to explain this by the fact that during World War I he had been an operative in Geneva, and an obscure Russian had come to see him. Dulles had said that he was too busy, and the Russian's name turned out to be Lenin. Since then Dulles has seen everyone. His head, however, rolled after the Bay of Pigs.

The CIA is now controlled by a quiet admiral—William Raborn—and the evidence is that it is matured and is under control. Of course, such an organization is bound to be suspect in a democracy. And, of course, it is impossible to keep it decently secret in the Westminster manner in a town like Washington. But this almost indefinable thing has become a major symbol of the United States abroad. And its discreet young men represent their country as truly as the stately ambassadors and the world senators.